THE FIRST *ODE* OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE PARAPHRAS'D: AND Addreſs'd to *Richard St--le*, Eſq;

En *qui promittit cives, urbem ſibi curæ,*
Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra
deorum. Hor.

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THE FIRST AND SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

BRITANNICA

THE First ODE OF THE Second BOOK of *HORACE* PARAPHRAS'D.

DICK, thou'rt resolv'd, as I am told,
Some strange *Arcana* to unfold,
And with the help of *Buckley*'s Pen
To vamp the *good Old Cause* again,
Which thou (such *Bur—t*'s shrewd Advice is)
Must furbish up and Nickname *CRISIS*.

(1) Motum ex Metello consule Civicum,

Thou pompously wilt let us know
What all the World knew long ago,
(Ere since Sir *William G—e* was Mayor,
And *HAR—Y* fill'd the *Commons* Chair)
That we a *German* Prince must own—
When *A—N* for Heav'n resigns Her Throne.
But more than that, thou'lt keep a rout
With—who is *in*—and who is *out*,
Thou'lt rail devoutly at the *Peace*,
And all its secret *Causes* trace,
The *Bucket-play* 'twixt Whigs and Tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty Stories
Of *Tricks*, the Lord of *Ox—d* knows,
And *Errors* of our *Plenipoes*;
Thou'lt tell of *Leagues* among the Great
Portending ruin to our State,

(9) Bellique causas & vitia & modos
(12) Ludumque fortunæ,
——(15) gravesque
Principum amicitias,

And

And of that dreadful * *coup d'eclat*,
Which has afforded thee much Chat;
The Q—n (*forsooth*, *Despotick*) gave
Twelve *Coronets*, without *thy* leave!
A Breach of Liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no Heads have *yet* atton'd!
Believe me, what thou'st undertaken
May bring in Jeopardy thy Bacon,
For Madmen, Children, Wits and Fools
Shou'd never meddle with Edg'd Tools.
But since thou'rt got into the Fire,
And canst not easily retire,
Thou must no longer deal in *Farce*,
Nor pump to cobble wicked Verse;

* *Vide* Englishmen, No. 36.

(3) Et arma
Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus.
(7) Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ
Tractas & incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.
(13) Paulum severa musa tragœdiæ
Desit Theatris,

Untill

Untill thou ſhalt have eas'd thy Conſcience,
Of Spleen, of Politicks and Nonſenſe,
And when thou'ſt bid adieu to Cares,
And ſettled *Europe*'s *Grand* Affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For *Drury-lane* to ſhape thy Stile:

This is ſaid to be the Plot of a Comedy with which Mr. St--le has long threatned the Town.

" To make a pair of Jolly Fellows,
" The Son and Father, join to tell us,
" How Sons may ſafely diſobey,
" And Fathers never ſhou'd ſay nay,
" By which wiſe Conduct they grow Friends
" At laſt—and ſo the Story ends.

Vide Tatlers.

When firſt I knew thee, *Dick*, thou wert
Renown'd for Skill in *Fauſtus* Art,
Which made thy Cloſet much frequented
By buxom Laſſes— Some repented

(3) Mox ubi publicas
Res ordinaris, grande munus
Cecropio repetes Cothurno,

Impatient

Their luckleſs Choice of Husbands—others,
Impatient to be like their Mothers,
Receiv'd from thee profound Directions
How beſt to ſettle their Affections;
Thus thou, a Friend to the Diſtreſs'd,
Didſt in thy calling do thy beſt.

But now the *Senate* (if things *hit*
And thou at *Stockbridge* were not *bit*)
Muſt feel thy Eloquence and Fire,
Approve thy Schemes, thy Wit admire,
Thee with *Immortal Honours* crown,
Whilſt *Patr'ot-like* thou'lt ſtrut and frown.

What, tho' by Enemies 'tis ſaid,
The *Lawrel*, which adorns thy Head;

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(5) Inſigne mæſtis præſidium reis,
(8) Et conſulenti, Pollio, Curiæ,
(11) Cui laurus æternos honores
Dalmatico peperit triumpho.

Muſt one Day come in competition
By vertue of ſome ſly *Petition*:
Yet *Mum* for that, hope ſtill the beſt,
Nor let ſuch Cares diſturb thy Reſt.

Methinks I hear thee loud, as Trumpet,
As Bagpipe ſhrill, or Oyſter-Strumpet,
Methinks I ſee thee, ſpruce and fine,
With Coat embroider'd richly ſhine,
And dazzle all the *Idol-Faces*
As thro' the *HALL* thy Worſhip paces:
(Tho' this I ſpeak but at a venture,
Suppoſing thou haſt *Tiok* with *Humer*)
Methinks I ſee a *black-guard Rout*
Attend thy Coach, and hear them ſhout

(5) Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perſtringis aures, jam litui ſtrepunt,
(7) Jam fulgor armorum——
Terret—— equitumque vultus.
(13) Audire magnos jam videor duces
Non indecoro pulvere Sordidos,

In

In Approbation of thy Tongue,
Which (in their Stile) is *purely hung*.
Now, now you carry all before ye,
Nor dares one *Jacobite* or *Tory*
Pretend to anſwer one Syl--lable,
Except the Matchleſs Hero *Abel*.
What tho' her *Highneſs* and her *Spouſe*
In *Ant—rp* keep a frugal Houſe,
Yet not forgetful of a Friend
They'll ſoon enable thee to ſpend,
If to *Mace--rt--y* thou wilt toaſt,
And to his *Pious Patron*'s *Ghoſt*.
Now manfully thou'lt run a Tilt
" On *Popes*, for all the Blood they've ſpilt,

(4) Et cuncta terrarum ſubacta
Præter atrocem animum Catonis.
(7) Juno & deorum quiſquis amicior
Atris———
(12) ———Victorum nepotes
Rettulit inferias Iugurthæ.
(13) Qui non Latino ſanguine pinguior
Campus? &c.
——— Quæ fluminа lugubris
Ignara belli;
Quæ caret ora cruore noſtro?

" For Maſſacres, and Racks, and Flames,
" For Lands enrich'd by crimſon Streams,
" For Inquiſitions taught by *Spain*,
" Of which the Chriſtian World complain.

Dick, we agree—all's true, thou'ſt ſaid,
As that my Muſe is yet a Maid,
But, if I may with freedom talk,
All this is foreign to thy Walk:
Thy *Genius* has perhaps a knack
At trudging in a beaten Track,
But is for *State-Affairs* as fit,
As mine for Politicks and Wit.
Then let us both in time grow wiſe,
Nor higher, than our Talents, riſe,
To ſome ſnug Cellar let's repair
From Dunns and Debts, and drown our Care;

(7) Sed ne relictis Muſa procax Jocis, &c.
(15) Mecum Dionæo ſub antro,

Now quaff of honeſt Ale a Quart,
Now venture at a Pint of Port,
With which inſpir d we'll club each Night
Some tender Sonnet to indite,
And with *Tom D'urf--y*, *Phill-ps*, *D--nnis*,
Immortalize our *Dolls* and *Jenneys*.

(3) Quære modos leviore plectro.

F I N I S.

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Now venture at a Pint of Port,
With which inſpir'd we'll club each Night
Some tender Sonnet to indite,
And with Tom Dy(—)y, Phill-ps, D—nis,
Immortalize our Dolly and Jenny.

(c) Quere whether Verſion or Verſes.

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